**"Finnegans Wake"**

*written by Bourke, Ciaran Padraig Maire / Drew, Ronald Joseph / Mckenna, Barney / Sheahan, John Edmund / Kelly, Luke* **–** performed by the Clancy Brothers and Robbie O’Connell

Tim Finnegan lived in watling street

A gentle Irishman, mighty odd

He'd a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet

To rise in the world, he carried a hod

See, he'd sort of a tipplin' way

With love for the liquor poor Tim was born

To help him on with his work each day

He'd a drop of the craythur every morn'

Whack fol, de, dah

Now, dance to your partner

Welt the floor, your trotters shake

Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun

At Finnegan's wake

One morning Tim got rather full

His head felt heavy which made him shake

Fell from a ladder and he broke his skull

They carried him home, his corpse to wake

Rolled him up in a nice clean sheet

And laid him out upon the bed

A gallon of whiskey at his feet

And a bottle of porter at his head

Whack fol, de, dah

Now, dance to your partner

Welt the floor, your trotters shake

Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun

At Finnegan's wake

His friends assembled at the wake

And misses Finnegan called for lunch

First she brought in tea and cake

Then pipes, tobacco and whiskey punch

Biddy O'Brien began to cry

Such a nice clean corpse, did you ever see?

Tim mavourneen, why did you die?

Arrah, hold your gob, said Patty Megee

Whack fol, de, dah

Now, dance to your partner

Welt the floor, your trotters shake

Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun

At Finnegan's wake

Then Maggie O'Connor took up the job

"Arrah", biddy says, she ye're wrong, I'm sure

Biddy then gave her a belt on the gob

And left her sprawling on the floor

There the war did soon engage

Woman to woman and man to man

Shillelah law was all the rage

An a row and a ruction soon began

Whack fol, de, dah

Now, dance to your partner

Welt the floor, your trotters shake

Wasn't it the truth, they told ye lots of fun

At Finnegan's wake

Then Mickey Maloney raised his head

When a bottle of whiskey flew at him

It missed him falling on the bed

The liquor scattered over Tim

Tim revives, see how he rises

Timothy rising from the bed

Then Whirl your whiskey around

Like blazes Thanum an Dhul

Do ye think I'm dead?